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50+

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clockwise from top of page:

PAYTON LEIGH

CANDY APPLES

RHEINA SHINE

EVA KARERA & AMBER COX & EDEN ALEXANDER

KELLY LEIGH

ANNA

MISS TRIXIE





Hello guys. It's me again, you're favorite nasty sex nurse dressed in black. You know the routine.

Come in and take your clothes off so I can examine you. Then I'll take your balls in my hand and tell you to turn your head and cough.

If you pass that test, I'll take your cock into my mouth and check its temperature and hardness. Then...













































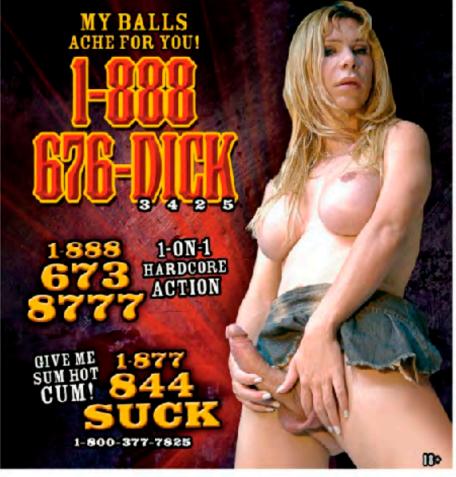














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I've been in the adult industry for many a year. So long in fact, that I don't remember when I started.
Like many who do something for a long time, I think I am better at it now than ever before.

It takes a lot of practice to do things right. Even something as natural and instinctive as having sex. I can suck cock better and can make a man cum in half the time than I could ten years ago.



























I've been told that I have a really tight pussy for a fifty-two year old. Yes, it's seen more than its share of cocks, but has stayed firm and tight and ready for more.

Rheina

I admit that I've had more than 100 cocks in there, so I'm happy that my little kitty can stay so elastic. Believe it or not, I have just recently started shaving down there. I began with different types of waxes and they hurt. I did different pubic hair cuts, but they were troublesome to maintain. Now my pussy's bald and everyone, including me, loves it that way.













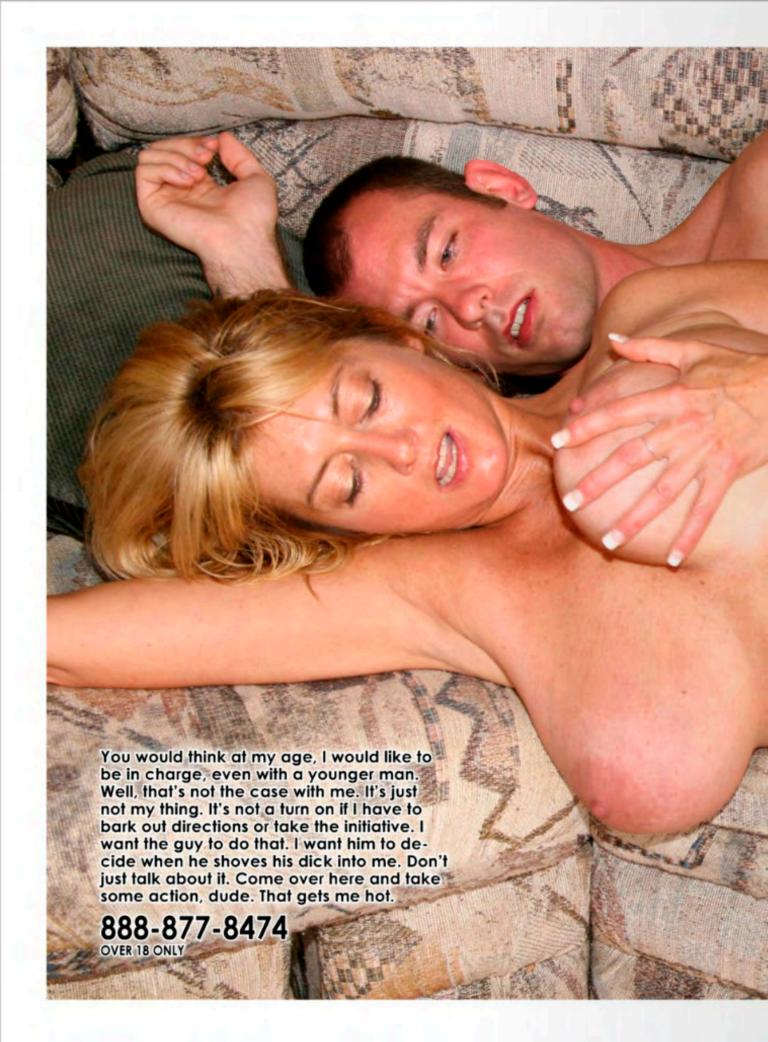
























NEW OLD BOSS

My new boss is a real ball-buster, and she knows it. It all started like this at the office so I'm writing to get this little incident off my chest:

I'm at home watching college football when the phone rings. "Andrew, it's Christine. I know it's Saturday, but if you have the Herbert file, could you please bring it to my house? Here's my address..." And so it went that morning.

Christine had been with the company for only two months. I thought she was a real ass-kicker but hadn't quite worked her out yet. She was always wearing a suit jacket and skirt with a white blouse, which hinted at a pretty impressive rack. I could tell she tried to look all business and respectable but there was something simmering underneath that prim exterior.

On Friday there was a conversation I overheard when was in the lunchroom. Christine was on the phone in the adjoining room. "Just because



To the editor:

My God people, where do you keep coming up with these women. And I mean women. I can find pretty eighteen-year-olds anywhere on the newsstand or on the internet. But a good looking 50 year-old that's ready and willing to fuck and have it photo-ed is something special. And on top of all that — a 50 year-old in a girl-girl photo shoot is just over the top.

I guess you can tell how much I enjoyed the pictorial with Zoe and Sara getting it on. I have to admit, it was not what I expected when I saw the first page with the two of them sitting on the sofa. Then when I turned the page, the heat went through the roof, and by the end, my dick was rock hard and I spurted a long one. Thanks!

- Sonny, Palmdale, CA

my ex-husband and I can't stand to live together doesn't mean we don't love to fuck. If he hadn't been so good in bed I would have divorced him long ago."

I shuddered at what I was hearing because around the office she's known as a wicked witch. And now here I am, walking up to her front door on a Saturday morning with the Herbert file hoping she doesn't eat me alive.

The property looked like a construction site with empty paint cans and building materials all over the front yard. I ring the doorbell and when Christine opened the front door I was shocked by the change in her appearance. The usual sombre professional business suit had been replaced by a man's oversize dress shirt tied off at the front and a pair of raggedly cut off denim jeans that barely covered her butt. Pretty sexy, I thought, for a fifty vear-old.

She invites me in and as she walked away in front of me I couldn't help but notice the gorgeous ass projecting from the back of her shorts. As I followed her into the house, taking in her shapely, she pointed to her canvas covered sofa and told me to drop the file there and asked if I had a minute to help her. She led me into what must have been the master bedroom explaining that she was painting a high corner and only had a stepstool to climb on. She pulled the stool into position and climbed up. She asked me to steady her so I put my hands on her hips and held tight. She loaded the roller with paint and reached up to apply it. I looked down at her feet realizing that if I looked straight ahead, my face would be at her crotch level.

But I couldn't help myself and looking up I could see up the leg of her cut off denims. I noticed her white lace panties and a few wispy blonde hairs escaping the confines of her panty. I saw her labia lips pressed against her pants and thought I might reach out a hand and touch there. But I also sensed she did this on purpose because she knew where my face would end up.

After several minutes of painting I looked more carefully at her panty and thought that I saw it beginning to darken with moisture. I took a deep



smelling breath trying to catch a hint of her scent. I thought I had caught a faint whiff of her arousal.

Suddenly she leaned too far backwards and lost her balance on the stool. Even my holding her hips could not prevent her tumble. She seemed to twist or turn and was plummeting down towards me. I moved my hands quickly to try to catch her and my left hand managed to land firmly on her right breast and my right hand ended up somewhere behind her. We fell backwards with her on top of me and onto the canvas covered bed in the middle of the room.

We laid there trying to recover from the shock and suddenly realized where my left hand was. And then my right. I asked if she was okay and removed

my hand from her breast. I could not get the other hand out from under her. She told me she was fine and started to get off me.

But instead of getting completely off, she slides down my body and I felt her hand move to unbuckle my belt. I could only lay there paralyzed at what just happened. I felt my cock getting harder as she pulled my pants open. The fingers of both her hands reached over and drew down my briefs. Her head came down on me as she licked my cock from the base along the underside, up and over the crown of my top knot. She kept licking and sucking it, taking it into her mouth and swirling her tongue around it. She licked it like an ice cream cone and sensed I was ready to cum too quickly.

She then sits up at the edge of the bed and struggled out of her shorts and panty and crawled up onto the bed. She straddled my legs and began to crawl on her hands and knees along them. Her eves where zeroed in on my rock hard cock. She grasped the base of my cock and pulled it back to point up at her juicy wet hole. She paused, and then slowly, delightfully, enticingly, lowered herself down along the length of my shaft. She paused and allowed her inner muscles to hold and grasp my now fully-buried cock.

I tried to get up off the bed but she pushes me back onto it with her hands and another shake of her head. She begins to ride me now. Gliding up and down my cock and suddenly she yells out. "Grab my boobs! Pinch my nipples."

I reach up to obey, my thumb and forefinger rollshe collapses on top of my chest. I can feel her nipples pushing hard against me. She climbs off me and grabs her panty to put it drive home I thought I may have opened up a can of worms at the office, but hey, she wanted it too. I hope that's a convinc-



ing her pouting nipples between them. Meanwhile she had reached down with her own right hand to find her clit, and circled it with her first and second fingers. She rode me harder and faster and why I hadn't popped already, I don't know. She was pounding herself hard into me. Her fingers rubbed faster and faster against her clit as she threw her head back and began to groan.

I couldn't hold it in any longer and I finished; my cum a hot geyser in her pussy and she finished soon after, still riding me hard. A couple last grinds and flicks to her clit and back on. Not knowing what to say after an hour of hot fucking, I blurt out "That was great." and motion her to come back to the bed as I'm getting my cock ready for another round.

"Not now," she says, "There's painting to finish and I have to work on the Herbert case later. We'll find some time to spend together, but for now you have to go." she told me.

"Get dressed and leave. I'll call you or see you at the office. Okay?"

Christine was a lady you don't say 'no' to so I got my stuff and left. On the ing arguement. I guess I'd find out on Monday. As I was pulling into my driveway, my phone went off with the text message ring tone. I look at it and it's Christine. I open the message and read 'Come back, now!'

Andrew, Boston

STONES COLD CUM

I was at the Rolling Stones concert at Madison Square Garden in 1977 when I got the hand job of my life. Now, more than thirty years later, it's all coming back to me and I need to write it down before I totally forget it. I'm in seat 23] and my date and her best friend are in the two in front of us. Halfway through the show and plenty of drinks later, they switched their seats with me and now I'm in the middle. As the Stones start to play "Let's Spend the N ight Together" I feel my zipper go down and a hand searching inside for my cock. It was not hard, but in a minute of groping, it stiffened right up.

I look down and it was my date's hand. She pulls my cock out and begins stroking it right there as we're standing and the criowd's screaming. Then, from the other side, another hand racches in and pulls my balls out and begins to play with them. The two girls are now stroking and playing with me and I don't even remember hearing the song. My date feels my ready to cum and puts her drink cup under my cock to catch my cum. I do, and my knees buckle, so I must sit.

Lorenzo, Queens

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Hello gents. My name is Eve and I'm the one in the middle. I'm going to tell you a little story in pictures, so follow along. Eden is my BFF, but one day I met Amber and instantly was attracted to her. Amber and I got it on, then I called Eden to join us.

She came over all ready hot and bothered and her clothes were off by the time the door closed behind her. The rest of the day was spent in bed.



































STOP STARING

And go get your checkbook! I have six cats, a mortgage, car payments, credit card debt, and a mother that likes to play bingo every Thursday, so I have to pose naked in this magazine just so you can get your rocks off looking at my perky, delicious boobs.

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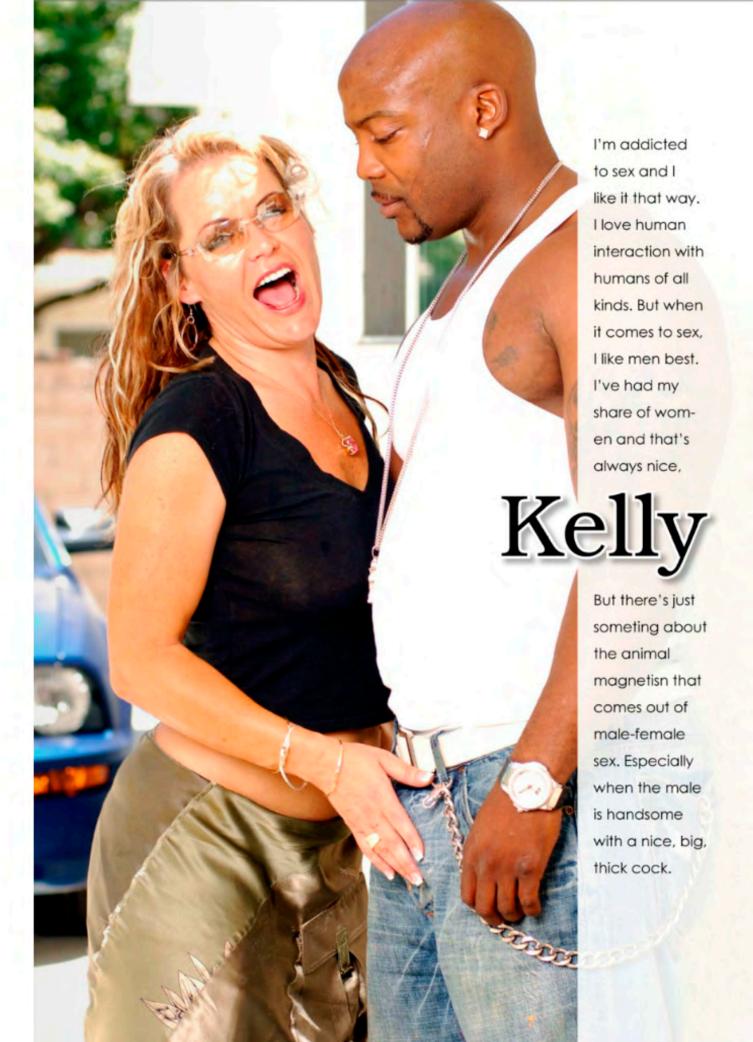
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Man, "Well, if you don't get your canvas arranged soon, I'm going to spill my paint!"

her loft was just a huge playpen

making the scene

I DIDN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT ART, BUT I WAS ABOUT TO LEARN

I just drove two hundred miles to Chicago to attend a friend's art opening in the Near North part of town. Shayna, a friend of the artist was also attending. She was a bit of an art snob, but a true patron. All the art gallery employees told me to watch out for her. I just did as I normally would and went to the opening with the intention of getting through the evening and then going back to my hotel room and watching whatever sports event was on the TV. As it turned out, the night ended up being a lot of fun with good food, lotsa beer and some pretty cool people. And the some of the women were hot, too. Others were a bit too freaky looking for my taste, but when 1 talked to them, they actually seemed pretty normal. But overall, the coolest part was the open bar. All the drinks you could want and what could be so wrong with that? After a few I actually thought I could understand the

art exhibited on the walls. While standing at the bar, I overheard a conversation between the artist, Lanier, and the exhibition installer. Being one that can appreciate all kinds of art, especially after a few brewskis.

As I was about to leave when I saw

Shayna wander back into the gallery. I didn't know her, but overheard one of the artists mention her name. She gave one last amused glance around the room and headed out the door. I watched as she exited and thought that

was fine piece of 50 year old ass. Her black pencil skirt hugged her hips. Black stilettos made her gams look good and three long strands of pearls teased her cleavage. How could her personality be so bad? I followed her around Lanier's opening at a safe distance, but still caught a whiff of her perfume. Chanel No. 9, I reckoned. Sweet but sassy. A sophisticated yet youthful scent. Not as heavy as No 5.

I saw her mixing it up with some of the others as I walked over to the bar. I stood off to the side and when the barkeep came over to get a bottle of tequila, I asked him if that was Shayna. He nodded as he looked up to confirm for me that it was. As I focused on her, I noticed she was walking over to the bar, empty glass in her hand. Stopping a few feet away from me, she asked for a refill of

> her bourbon and tonic. As the bartender pulled the bottles, she glanced over my way and I forced a stupid smile. Not impressed, she looked at some of the art that was hanging behind the bar. Excusing himself for a moment, the barkeep told her he was out of tonic and



would be right back.

By now the barkeep had returned to save me from further embarrassment. Fixing her drink, he hands it to her



She pulled her skirt up past her hips and then opened her legs before me to give me a better view. I leaned forward and began to run my hands up her legs.

and she takes it and a couple steps, then looks back at me, raises her glass and says, "Nice talking with you." and smiles. I nearly peed my pants and it wasn't because of the beer. The rest of the evening went on without a hitch and as the last of the patrons were leaving I went over to Lanier who was shaking hands with Shayna. They engaged me in their artsy conversation for a minute and Lanier thanked her for coming down. "Coming down?" I asked.

"I've got a studio loft upstairs." she said, "Would you two like to join me for a nightcap?" Lanier didn't hear her as he was saying goodbye to someone else. I tap him on the shoulder and tell him she's invited us upstairs. He looks at her and she nods. We take one of those funky freight elevators up four floors and she opens the doors to reveal a beautifully decorated loft, sparse in furniture and long on open space. Shayna had dark bobbed hair and a nice rounded figure. My mind began to wander into men-

tally stripping her and playing weird sex games with her.

She switched on the light and threw her bag on the bed in the middle of this big space. It seemed to dominate the loft. As I got accustomed to the light, I noticed there was nothing else in there besides a dining table and chairs.

"Would you gentlemen like a drink?" she asked wandering over to the galley kitchen tucked into a corner. "A beer please." I said. "The same for me," said Lanier, She opened a couple bottles and handed them to us.

"Here's to art..." I said and paused looking at Lanier, who had passed out on the edge of the bed from late hours, stressful opening and probably too much to drink. She looked back at him and smiled. It was now just the two of us and I really didn't know a damn thing about art.

"Come here" she said beckoning me across the loft. I

walked over to where she was now standing by the huge windows with a twinkling city behind her. She took my bottle.

"Kneel down," she commanded. I did as asked before her on the floor.

She took hold of the hem at either side of her skirt and ever so slowly began to pull it up. It began to lift from just below her knees, over them and slowly began to rise along her thighs. I glanced up very briefly a couple of times and she sat there smiling seductively at me. The skirt continued its upward journey and as it swished against her long legs. She stopped again just before I could see everything, the blackness under the last bit of skirt still protecting her final shred of dignity.

"Would you like to see a true piece of art?" she asked.

"I would." I said swallowing deeply as her body filled the

space in front of me. And with that she tugged her skirt up the last couple of inches exposing her dark triangle of pubic hair. I knelt there just gazing at it. She pulled her skirt up past her hips and then opened her legs before me to give me a better view. I leaned forward and began to run my hands up her legs. Starting at her ankles I let them travel slowly up along her calves, over her knees, along her thighs, past her stocking tops

to her triangle of pubic hair.

She closed her eyes and gasped in anticipation as my fingers reached her outer lips. Gently I pulled them apart and peered inside for a moment before letting my tongue begin to probe her depths. Sue emitted a hoarse moan as I commenced and proceeded to moan more and more loudly as I continued. I stuck my tongue deep into her to taste her juices. She spread her legs wider still and pulled me tightly into her with her hands round my ears. She began to flinch beneath me. I could tell she was close to coming and



I dug my fingers into her butt as I gripped her and pulled her onto me harder. I pounded into her and I could feel my climax building up inside.

quickly rammed two fingers inside her and began to finger her furiously. Unable to take any more she climaxed, her body shuddering violently against the window. She straightened up and pulled me to my feet as well and began to undress me. I helped her with the process and

was soon stood before her in just my shorts.

She knelt down before me and pulled down my shorts. I now stood before her completely naked and fully erect. She stood up again and began to undress herself as I lay down on the bed next to a still sleeping Lanier. She undid her silk blouse and threw it aside, then her bra to reveal her full round bosoms and finally unzipped her skirt, slid it down and stepped out of it. She stood

by the bed totally naked ex-

cept for her high heels and ran her hands across my body and down towards my groin before joining me on the bed.

She lay on top of me and made me harder still as her breasts pushed against my chest. We kissed for the first time and immediately our tongues met desperately, lust quickly taking over. My hands trailed down over her back to her ass and I gripped both cheeks in my hands. We began to grind our bodies against each other, my dick rubbing against her still-moist pubic hairs. I reached down and took hold of my dick as she lifted her body up a little and slowly lowered herself down onto me. We both groaned as I entered her and slowly began to thrust in and out. She didn't move for a short while as she got used to the intrusion. But before long she was bouncing noisily up and down on me, matching my thrusts and moaning with each stroke. I got her to dismount and kneel before me on the bed. I got behind her and, gripping her meaty ass cheeks, pushed into her again.

I dug my fingers into her butt as I gripped her and pulled her onto me harder. I pounded into her and I could feel my climax building up inside. She was rubbing one of her breasts with one hand as she reached underneath her with the other and grabbed hold of my balls. This was too much, pulling her onto me as hard and as fast as I could, I came, jetting semen deep into her as I groaned

loudly.

When she had sucked me dry she sat back a little and opened her legs wide again as I lay there watching her she parted her pussy lips with one hand before sliding two fingers deep inside her with the other, closing her eyes and throwing her head back as they entered her. She removed them, covered in my sticky juices that I'd just shot inside her, and then proceeded to lick them clean. She did this a few times until she couldn't get

any more and then began to finger herself in front of me, working herself up towards another climax.

I removed her hands and replaced them with my own fingers and again began to flick at her clit. Flicking and slurping at her wetness she began shuddering again as her climax racked her body. She fell back into the bed and then drifted into a deep sleep. In the morning I woke up to see all three of us still laying in the bed. I shook Lanier until he woke up and told him we had to leave. He sat up rubbing his eyes, looking around the loft and refocusing at the naked body of Shayna still asleep on the bed.

"What happened?" he asked. "What did I miss? What did you do?" he shot at me.

"We better get out and go." I said insisting he get up before she wakes up. Lanier stumbles up, still groggy from last night. We get into the old elevator and go downstairs. We leave the building and pass one of the windows open to the gallery. As we hail a cab out front, I say to him. "I think I'm going to like this art scene."





















When you look up 'shy' in the dictionary, you'll find my picture beside it. I didn't give my first blow job until I was 22 and lost my virginity an 25. My anal cherry is still intact, but I may just give that up soon.

Anna

Maybe for my 55th birthday will be the day. Until then, I've gotten more and more sexually adventurous. I mean, who ever thought That I'd be licking a guys ass and letting someone photograph it?





























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